

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM 'ARIDUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1809.

NO. 1084.

THE TWO SISTERS;

OR,

THE CAVERN.

Translated from the French of Madame Herbetier.

(CONTINUED.)

On their arrival at Paris, Richard took two small rooms for his mistress in the quarter of St. Jacques—these were analogous to the situation in which the Countess wished to appear, in order to avoid being molested. He took one for himself in the same street, whence he went to all his master's friends, soliciting their kind and friendly offices, in order to procure him his liberty, but not one of them was to be found, all of them were either put to death, in prison, or had fled; night and day did he seek up and down for the place of his master's detention;—but all to no purpose, till at last his frequent inquiries rendered him suspected by the police, and he was arrested and thrown into prison.—The Countess heard of this new disaster with inexpressible affliction; her only hope of ever finding her husband was centred in Richard; but a courage, bordering on despair, seized her, and she resolved to find him out, or perish.

"Richard is arrested!" said she, to her two daughters; "your poor father has no friend now left but me; I cannot, no, I must not abandon him!—But if I should perish, who will take care of you? My dear Gabrielle, listen to me. While I give you my final instructions; I feel the duty I owe my children, but I feel also what I owe to your dear father; he is in prison, and a dreadful death, perhaps, awaits him;—your youth, and the garb in which you appear, will, I hope, screen you from suspicion; therefore I pray you, if I should be more than two days absent, to make the best of your way back to the cavern * at Roseville; it is probable that I may be arrested, as well as our faithful servant Richard. Unprotected as you will be, I tremble at the very thought of the dangers that will surround you; yet, my dear daughters, it will be nothing compared with what I should suffer, were I to know you were left alone in Paris. Put your confidence in the Almighty, and fear nothing; he will protect and guide you in your way, he alone can save you! avoid, if possible, the stage-coaches, but carts and private vehicles, going to Orleans, on tours, may take you up occasionally with safety. Avoid, also, to answer directly every question that may be put to you, concerning your parents; say that you have just lost them, that you are returning to your own village, and nothing more; I will sew up all the money I can spare, in your stays; take care never to shew more at a time than a

100 sous†, the poorer you appear, the less danger you will run; the cloathing you have on, and your extreme youth, will protect you if you act prudently—fatigue in travelling, bad beds, and indifferent provisions, are the evils that will try your fortitude, and your patience the most. But I repeat it, my children, trust in God; remember that in whatever corner of the earth you may be, his paternal eye shall watch over and protect you; his blessing is safety—if he afflicts us for a time, it is to recompense us hereafter, when we shall have supported his chastening hand with resignation to his divine will."

"Ah! mother," exclaimed Augustine and Gabrielle, melting into tears, "you shall not quit us; what would become of us, if you were gone, as well as our father?"

"Alas! my dear children, I will not abandon you voluntarily; but if I should be arrested, what would become of you in Paris, without a parent, a friend to direct you, or even the means of subsistence? your last resource would be a hospital, where misery and every evil would assail you; an hospital! my dear children, think what it is! my Gabrielle, I conjure thee to relieve me from this frightful idea—promise me that thou wilt go directly for the cavern at Roseville, if I should be two days absent."

"Yes, my dear mother," answered Gabrielle, whilst the big tear trickled down her cheeks, "I will obey you, since it is your wish!"

"You know, my child, your parent's love," continued the Countess, "if Providence permits, will rejoin you here; if not, I hope your father and myself may shortly forget our afflictions in the arms of our children."

Gabrielle was then twelve years old; her figure was extremely interesting; but her features were so delicately regular, that they were not striking at first sight; one must have observed her attentively to perceive her so handsome as she really was; she was rather short of her age, but it is the picture of her charming mind we ought to have drawn; that sweet sensibility which characterized it; her piety, her benevolence, her placid and even temper, her love and respect for her parents, her attention to her little sister; in short, all that was lovely in the human mind, was her's; she had a thorough knowledge of her religion, of ancient history, and of geography. The harp and the piano were among her recreations; her voice, altho' not powerful, was very agreeable, and she sang to the instrument with so much taste, that she bid fair to become an excellent musician; she drew very prettily for her age, and worked on her needle with an address truly admirable.

Augustine was but six years old; she was

submissive, and of an angelic sweetness of temper; in fact, to draw her correctly, it may be said, she took her sister for a model. Her pretty round face, her fine black hair, her eyes and complexion made her adored, but it was impossible to know her ever so little without loving her.

The Countess took them daily to the gate leading to Tours; she added to her first instructions whatever she judged necessary for their security in case of accidents; after which she would lead them, sorrowfully, back again to her lodgings, and employ the remainder of the day in examining offices and prisons, in order to discover where her husband was confined.

One day, whilst returning home through the Luxembourg*, greatly fatigued in body and mind, a tile fell nearly at her feet; it was stained with blood, in which several lines were written; she seized it with trembling hands, and read as follows:—

"My dear wife, return to our retreat; preserve the mother of our children; recal your fortitude and resignation; the Almighty is our only protector."

The Countess nearly fainted with astonishment, but the sentinel, who was at a distance when the tile fell, returning, drove her rudely away; she retired towards the middle of the garden, whence she perceived the Count through an iron grating in a kind of garret; he made signs to her to retire promptly, and instantly shut the window; she concluded that some one had entered the garret, and waited some time expecting his return, but she saw him no more. She returned to her apartments in the evening, a little more satisfied than the preceding days, and the next morning she revisited the Luxembourg with her daughters. The Count appeared for a moment about noon, and again at six in the evening; it was probable he did not live in this room; and that he could only enter it for a few minutes at the times they perceived him at the window; they withdrew themselves as far as possible from the observation of the sentinel; and when they thought they were not observed, they made signs to the Count of their deep distress on account of his situation, who expressed his sensibility in the same manner; he pointed to heaven, with an humble resignation, and then extended his arms towards them, to make them understand that he put them under the protection of the Almighty.

In the mean while, every effort of the Countess to gain admittance to the prison was useless; the only consolation she had was to see her husband a moment every day at the grated window; but even this melancholy satisfaction was, alas! too soon at an end. During the massacre of the prisoners, which lasted day and night, from the first of September to the fourth, the Luxembourg gardens were closely shut up; and the unfortunate Countess could at no time gain admission to them. It would be vain to attempt to describe the distressed feelings of the wretched Countess during the interval of horror; uncertainty, the most ruthless of torments, is far

* During the sanguinary reign of Robespierre in France, no one dared to receive into his house, the children, or even the domestics of suspected persons; such a step would inevitably have subjected him to imprisonment, and perhaps to death itself.

† When the revolution in France broke out, and a national bankruptcy became unavoidable, an immense quantity of bank bills or assignats, of every value, from 50,000 livres (a livre is worth about 10d. sterling,) down to 5 were issued; they were of every shape and colour—and no one would take them if he could avoid it—in consequence whereof they soon sunk to a discount of 50 and 100 per cent.

* Hospitals in France are somewhat similar to the English workhouses—they are receptacles for wretchedness and misery, as well as for the maimed and the wounded.

* The name of a Palace.

more cruel than calamity itself: the latter drowns the soul at once, under a load that deprives it of its faculties for a time—whilst the former hurls it in continual agitation, between hope and fear, and so frequently destroys it.

(To be continued.)

From a London Paper.

'TIS A PITY.

On Wednesday all the people said,
That Canning certainly was dead—
Ah! then what said the city?
A tenth part sadly shook their head,
And saying sigh'd and sighing said,
'Alas! it is a pity!'

But when on Thursday this was found,
To be a rumour without ground,
Ah! then what said the city?
The other nine parts shook their head,
And deeply sigh'd, and sighing said,
'Alas! it is a pity!'

Madam Catalani has just received a letter from Mr. Beleredit, Manager of the Theatre of Venice in Venice, dated 22d February last, who offers to her 5000 acquits, about £5,000, to sing there the next carnival, which is to last about six weeks!

The condescension of Madame Catalani is admirable. She says that from pure respect and gratitude to the English nation, she is willing to accept of 4000 guineas, and two benefits, to sing an Italian song at Covent Garden Theatre!

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

Language is to the understanding what a genteel motion is to the body—a very great advantage. But a person may be superior to another in understanding, that has not an equal dignity of expression—and a man may boast of a hand-over figure, that is inferior to another in regard to motion.

The words *no more* have a singular pathos, reminding us at once of past pleasure and the future exclusion of it.

The fortunate have many parasites. Hope is the only one that vouchsafes attendance upon the wretched and the beggar.

God save the King.—Lately, in Dublin, the ceremony of electing seven Knights of St. Patrick took place. At the castle dinner, in St. Patrick's Hall, the first toast, "The King," is given with solemn reverence, the Grand Master and all the Knights standing up uncovered, and the band, while the toast is drinking, should, according to etiquette, play "God save the King." Sir Charles Fortescue, herald at arms, gave the signal, and the band struck up, not "God save the King," but *St. Patrick's Day in the Morning!* to the utter dismay of Sir Chichester, who manifested strong signs of impatience and disapprobation, which, however, were mistaken by the unfortunate fiddlers for an intimation to play faster, which they did so effectually, as to conquer the gravity of the Duke and Knights, who were obliged to put their plumed hats before their faces to conceal their laughter.

Sir Chichester, choking with rage, darted towards the Orchestra, exclaiming "God save the King and be d—n'd to you all!" This was too much for human nature to bear; a general roar of laughter burst forth, and it was some minutes before order could be restored.

Communicated by Hibernicus.

FROM A BELFAST PAPER.

THE PEASANT'S RETURN.

'The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes.'

Burns.

'Dream of Paradise to-night.'

Montgomery.

When overpowered by toil, fatigue, and pain,
The weary peasant homeward bends his way,
While on the hill's the sun's last beams remain,
And vales have lost the radiant blaze of day.

The birds wild warbling in the leafy bowers,
The crystal dew-drop glistening on each blade,
The fields bedecked with variegated flowers,
Are all in vain before his eyes displayed.

Unheard by him the sylvan warblers sing,
Unseen the pearly dew-drop shines so bright,
The aromatic flowers unnoticed spring—
The thoughts of home can only bring delight.

For Hope with fondness on the cottage dwells,
Where he shall meet a wife's endearing smile;
And many a soul-enlivening tale she tell,
Of future blessings to reward his toil.

And now, the lowly mansion to his view
Appears, deep sheltered in the peaceful vale;
His children's footsteps lightly skim the dew,
All eager who shall first their father hail.

How light of heart they bound his smile to gain!
To share the sweet caress—the welcome kind—
But now the youngest of the little train,
Begins to weep, because he's left behind.

What raptures fill the toil-worn peasant's breast,
As round his knees the little prattlers cling!
Ye sordid souls, of golden hoards possess,
Ne'er can your wealth such sweet sensations bring.

His thrifty partner at the cottage door,
With smiles of welcome greets her sun-burnt lord;
And soon, each kindly salutation o'er,
The frugal supper crowns their humble board.

Nor let the proud, unfeeling sons of wealth,
His narrow lot and humble fare deride;
If blest with mental peace and rosy health,
He scorns the gifts of luxury and pride.

The humble bed invites him to repose,
And sweet oblivion of his daily care;
But ere in gentle sleep his eyelids close,
He hears his children tip their evening prayer.

And he, tho' doomed in poverty to pine,
And oft encounter Want's unnumbered woes,
Priseth, with grateful heart, the Power Divine,
For all the precious blessings he bestows.

Refreshing Sleep her powerful opiate brings,
And while at rest from toil and care he lies,
His soul ascending on seraphic wings,
Explores a land of bliss beyond the skies.

There, shall the thirsty drink the cup of joy—
There, balm is poured into the wounded breast—
There, shall the tear be wiped from Sorrow's eye—
And there the heavy-laden shall have rest!

There, when life's weary pilgrimage is o'er,
All those who walk in Virtue's heavenly way,
Shall bask in bliss, enjoying evermore
The cloudless sunshine of eternal day.

Extatic vision! source of rich delight!
Sweet antidote to every grief and pain!
Hope bids thee beam thus on the wretch's sight,
To cool the fever of his burning brain.

The shrill-toned cock dispels his pleasing dream—
He wakes, his daily labour to renew!
Yet Hope tenacious of her favorite theme,
Oft bids his soul the blissful scene pursue.

Let storms of woe collect around his head,
And all the ills of life his mind invest;
Imagination still by Hope is led,
To seek the mansions of eternal rest.

The Seamen thus, 'mid wild tornadoes tost,
Forget awhile the 'elemental fray';
For Hope enchains him to his native coast,
And pictures many a future happy day.

Not such, I ween, the dreams of Mammon's train—
To them the dark shroud of Death appear:
Their gold is useless—earthly grandeur vain—
Appalled they start! and wake convulsed by fear!

And when revelling in the arms of joy,
When gladness reigns supreme in every heart,
This sad reflection will their raptures destroy—
'From these enjoyments we must soon depart.'

Thrice happy Peasant! though on life's rough sea,
Thou'rt doom'd to strive with many a bitter blast,
Yet Virtue shall thy steady pilot be,
And guide thee to thy peaceful Home at last.

Dunover.

GAELUS.

SWEDENBURG.

The following anecdote respecting the celebrated Swedenburg is extracted from Thiebauld's anecdotes of Frederick the Great.

I know not on what occasion it was, that conversing one day with the Queen (of Sweden) on the subject of the celebrated visionary Swedenburg, we expressed a desire, particularly M. Mejan and myself, to know what opinion was entertained of him in Sweden. In my part related what had been told me respecting him by chamberlain d'Haron, who was still alive, and who had been ambassador from Prussia to Holland and France. It was that his brother-in-law, Ambassador from Holland to Stockholm, having died suddenly, a shop-keeper demanded of his widow the payment of a bill for some article of drapery, which she remembered had been paid in her husband's life time—that the widow not being able to find the shopkeeper's receipt, had been advised to consult with Swedenburg, who she was told could converse with the dead whenever he pleased: that she accordingly had adopted his advice, though she did so less from credulity than curiosity, and that at the end of a few days Swedenburg informed her that her deceased husband had taken the shopkeeper's receipt for the money on such a day, and such an hour, as he was reading an article of Bayle in his cabinet: that his attention being called immediately afterwards to some other concern, he had put the receipt into the box to mark the place at which he left off, where, in fact, it was found at the page described.

The Queen replied, that though she was little disposed to believe in such seeming miracles, she had nevertheless been willing to put the power of M. Swedenburg, with whom she was acquainted, to the proof, that she was previously acquainted with the anecdote I had related, and it was one of those which had most excited her astonishment, though she had never taken the pains to ascertain the truth of it, that M. Swedenburg having come one evening to her court, she had taken him aside, and begged him to inform himself of her deceased brother the Prince Royal of Prussia, what he had said to her at the moment of her taking leave of him for the court of Stockholm.

She added, that what he said was of a nature to render it impossible that the prince could have repeated it to any one, nor had it ever escaped her own lips: that some days after Swedenburg returned, when she was seated at cards, and requested she would grant him a private audience: to which she replied, that he might communicate what he had to say before the company: but that Swedenburg assured her he could not declare his errand in the presence of witnesses; that in consequence of this intimation the queen became agitated, gave her cards to another lady, and requested M. de Shaverin; who was then present, when she related the story to us, to accompany her; that they accordingly went together into another apartment where she posted M. de Shaverin at the door, and advanced towards the furthest extremity of it with Swedenburg, who said to her—

'You took, madam, your last leave of the Prince of Prussia, your late and august brother, at Charlottenburg, on such a day, and at such an hour of the afternoon. As you were passing afterwards through the long gallery, in the castle of Charlottenburg, you met him again. He then took you by the hand, and led you to such a window, where you could not be overheard, and then said to you in these words.' The queen did not repeat the words, but protested to us they were the very same her brother had pronounced, and that she retained the most perfect recollection of them. She added, that she had nearly fainted with the shock she experienced, and called on Mon. de Shwerin to answer for the truth of what she had said who in his laconic style contented himself with saying: 'All you have said, madam, is perfectly true, at least as far as I am concerned.' I ought to add, that though the queen laid great stress on the truth of her recital, she professed herself at the same time incredulous to Swedenburg's supposed conferences with the dead. 'A thousand events,' said she 'appear inexplicable and supernatural to us, who know only the immediate consequences of them, and men of quick parts, who are never so well pleased as when they exhibit something wonderful, take advantage of this to gain an extraordinary reputation. M. Swedenburg was a man of learning, and great talent in his way; but I cannot imagine by what means he obtained the knowledge of what could have been repeated to no one. However, I have no faith in his having had a conference with my brother.'

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1809.

In consequence of the severe indisposition of the ad who serves the Museum in the East part of the city, many of our subscribers may not receive it this week, those who are neglected are requested to send to the office.

The city inspector reports the death of 40 persons, (of whom 21 were men, 8 women, 8 boys, and 3 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of asthma 1, in childbed 1, consumption 7, convulsions 3, decay 2, diarrhoea 1, intermittent fever 1, typhus fever 2, fracture 1, gravel 1, hives 3, inflammation of the bladder 1, do. of the bowels 2, do. of the lungs 2, do. of the stomach 2, intemperance 1, old age 2, palsy 1, rupture of a blood vessel 1, still born 1, sudden death 1, whooping cough 2, and 2 of worms.

The North River Steam Boat, Capt. Wiswall, arrived on Monday afternoon in a shattered state, having been run foul of by two sloops in succession, and very much injured. It was late at night, and very dark, when the injury was sustained. The danger was so great in the view of the captain, that he advised the passengers each one to take care of himself, supposing the boat would sink. The fears of the captain, though not without foundation, were happily not realized. Both the captain and passengers agree, in opinion, that the running foul of them was intentional on the part of the skippers who commanded the sloops. If so, we hope they may be brought to justice, as a more diabolical outrage cannot be well imagined, than that of wantonly exposing to sudden and inevitable destruction the lives of nearly one hundred innocent persons, to gratify a vile spirit of mercenary malignity. *Alb. Register.*

The death, by self-destruction of Gov Lewis of Upper Louisiana, is announced by the Tenessee Clarion. He went to bed at a tavern in Tennessee, on the 10th of October, after eating supper, and drinking some spirits; and was on a journey from his government to Washington. About midnight he fired two pistols, the ball of one of which grazed his head; that of the other passed through his intestines; he then cut his

neck, arm and hand with a razor. As he lay on the floor, he said, "He had now done for himself, and would die"—He desired to have water, and died at 7 o'clock the next morning. He had been deranged in his mind some weeks previous; the cause of which was conjectured to be the protest of a draft he had drawn on the secretary of war, & which he considered as tantamount to having lost the confidence of the government. He was the captain Merriweather Lewis, who, with captain Clark was employed to make the famous excursion through the western wilderness, to the South Sea, which he performed so much to the satisfaction of the government, that he was recompensed by the office of Governor of Upper Louisiana.

Curious Fact.—In a Well dug this season by Mr. John Leebler, at the forks of the road, little more than one mile west of Carlisle in the state of Pennsylvania, at the depth of 45 feet, they have come upon a plentiful current of water, from which fish have been drawn up. They also observed numbers of small muscles sticking to the rocks. From whence this stream brings the fish, we are at a loss to conjecture, unless there is a sink in the Conedoguin Creek, some miles further West, it being at least three quarters of a mile South of the Creek, and considerably higher than the channel. We know of two openings, where large Springs come out of the Earth, one three quarters, and the other a mile from this well; where it is likely this current may discharge its contents; but it is highly improbable, that fish could ascend through a dark cavern, to the distance of one mile under ground.

Extract of a letter to the Editor of the Freeman's Journal, dated Elkton, Maryland, Nov 20.

"The Dutchess of Baltimore, (Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte) attended by Col. Tonsard, with the young Prince, are now at this place, on their way to honour the city of Philadelphia with their august presence. You have been accused of announcing to the public, upon insufficient authority, the creation of the Dutchess and Prince, by the Emperor Napoleon, but no doubt of the fact is entertained in this quarter. Col. Tonsard is now attending them in his and their official character."

[The Dutchess and Prince have arrived at Philadelphia.]

STOLEN.

A single-cased English Gold Watch, maker's name Richard Webster, Exchange Alley, London: No 4127. It opens with a spring, and has the appearance of having been made for a Hunting Watch, having gold in front instead of glass.

Watchmakers and others are requested to stop the above mentioned watch, should it be offered for sale. A reasonable reward, and all charges paid.

Inquire at C. Harrison's, No. 3, Peck Slip.
November 25 1084—1f

MRS. McKENNY, CONFECTIONERESS.

No 79 William, corner of Liberty's street, begs leave to return her most grateful and unfeigned thanks to her friends and a generous public for the encouragement they have so liberally bestowed on her since she has commenced the above line of business. She flatters herself, from her strict attention, care, and punctuality, as well as her assiduity in endeavouring to please, that she will be enabled to give satisfaction to such Ladies and Gentlemen as will honour her with their commands. She has at present on hand a general assortment of Confectionery, wholesale and retail, which she means to dispose of on the lowest terms.—Also, Tea Cakes of every description, Plum-b, do, Iced and Ornamented Jellies, Blanche Meringue, Pyramids, &c. at the shortest notice. Hoarhound Candy, for colds, made in a genuine manner.

Nov 18 1084—1f

COURT OF HYMEN.

More sweet than the breath that's exhaled from the rose.

Just torn from the bed where it grew:
More soothing than sounds which from sympathy flows.

More soft than extract from the dew.

MARRIED.

On Sunday the 12th inst. at Hyde Park, Dutchess County, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. John M'Vick, jun., to Miss Eliza Bard, daughter of Dr. Samuel Bard.

On Wednesday Evening, the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milledoller, Mr. Elias Bogardus of Fishkill, to Miss Rachel M'Baine, daughter of the late John M'Baine, of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. W. Allison, to the amiable and much admired Miss Abigail Smith Gilmore, both of this city.

MORTALITY.

Nature reclaims her gifts, indulgent given.

Transports them far above all transient ill:

Spotless restores them to the arms of Heaven,

Whose lamp in Death's dark vale enlightens still.

DIED.

On Wednesday the 15th inst. of a lingering illness Mr. John Van Gytenebeck a native of Holland, aged 22 years.

On Thursday evening last Mrs. Dorothy Carrow, aged 66 years.

On Friday morning, after a short illness in the 44th year of his age, Mr. John Jousse.

At Albany, on Thursday, the 15th inst. William Owen Mitchell, son of Blaney Owen Mitchell of Dublin.

At Baltimore, David Harris, Esq. cashier of the office of discount and deposit in that city.

At St. Bartholomews, in the West-Indies, October, the 10th, after a short illness, in the 21st year of his age, and most deservedly lamented, George Washington Francis, late of this city. It is but a just tribute due to the memory of this young man to say, his integrity to his employers, his affectionate attention to solace the years of a widowed mother, and his piety towards God, have rendered him an amiable pattern to surviving youth. Happy for the community at large, infinitely more so for parental connections, could an equal testimony be published in favour of the rising generation!

Stop, vain Youth!

From the Death of Francis,

LEARN,

TIME IS SHORT.

ETERNITY IS LONG.

BOARDING.

A Lady in the village of Newark, that teaches a School, would be glad to obtain two or three children to board with her, by the year. She would prefer them under nine years of age, and all of one family, if they could be obtained; but will take them otherwise. Any persons who wish their children to go from home, would be pleased with this situation, as the lady is alone, and will have leisure to attend to the children committed to her care, particularly to their manners and morals—Terms may be known by applying at No. 141, William-Street.

November 18

1093—1m

MISS HONEYWELL.

Informs the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that she has opened a room of Curiosities, at No. 267 Broadway, executed by herself, without hands.

Admittance 25 Cents—Children half price.

Those who visit her room of Curiosities can see her work if they chuse. She embroiders, threads her needle, ties the knot, cuts fancy pieces, watch-papers with initials or the full name.

All those pieces for sale by the lady at the above place.

Admittance from 9 in the morning till 9 in the evening.

Nov 6

1081—1m

COURT OF APOLLO.

SONG.

BY HOPKINSON.

The traveller benighted and lost,
O'er the mountain pursues his lone way;
The stream is all candied with frost,
And the icicle hangs on the spray,
He wanders in hope some kind shelter to find,
Whilst through the sharp hawthorn still blows the cold wind.

The tempest blows dreary around,
And rends the tall oak in its flight;
Fast falls the cold snow on the ground,
And dark is the gloom of the night;
Lone wanders the traveller, a shelter to find,
Whilst through the sharp hawthorn still blows the cold wind.

No comfort the wild woods afford,
No shelter the traveller can see,
Far off he lies and his board,
And his home where he wishes to be;
His hearth's cheerful blaze still engages his mind,
Whilst through the sharp hawthorn keen blows the cold wind.

THE INCURABLE.

Doctor, I'd have you know, I'm come
As far as 'tis from here to home,
To tell you my condition:
I've got the itch; I've got the gout;
My shins are broke; I've hurt my foot,
I want a good physician.

The doctors say, my liver's bad;
My pulse is quick; my heart is sad;
My stomach's out of order;
I've got a hobbling in my gait,
My words I cannot speak them straight;
O tell me my disorder.

My hands are weak; my sight is dim;
And now and then my head will swim;
My neighbours wont insure me;
But, (the worst plague of all my life)
I've lately catch'd a scolding Wife.—
O, Doctor can you cure me!

To-a pretended Friend, but real Enemy.

Thy hesitating tongue and doubtful face
Shew all thy kindness to be mere grimace.
Throw off the mask; at once be foe or friend;
'Tis base to sooth when malice is the end;
The rock that's seen gives the poor sailor dread.
But double terror that which hides its head.

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

Lost or stolen from the pocket of the subscriber, on Wednesday afternoon, it is supposed at the corner of Front street and Burling-slip, a Red Morocco Strap Pocket Book, containing about 70 dollars in Bank Notes, viz. one of 20, two or three of 10 and the remainder in smaller notes. It also contained a number of loose papers, of but little value to any but the owner. It was marked with the name of the subscriber, and a small counting-house almanac pasted in the inside. Whoever will leave the same, with the contents, at the store of Phoenix and Muir, No. 38 Front-street, shall receive the above reward, and be asked no questions.
HENRY P. RUSSELL.
Oct 21 1879—tf

RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linnen RAGS this office.



RULEFF CONOVER,

(Late Foreman to Mr. Reuben Burr.)

Respectfully informs the Ladies of this city, and his friends in general, that he has taken that convenient stand at the blue window, No. 120, Broad-way, directly opposet the City-Hotel, where he intends to carry on the LADIES SHOE MAKING in all its various branches, in the neatest and most fashionable manner. The public may depend upon the strictest attention being paid to their commands. The subscriber's long and unremitted attention to the above business for upwards of eight years in the first rate shops in this city, he hopes will entitle him to a share of the public patronage.

R. C. intends to keep none but the very best materials and workmen, which will enable him, by known ability and strict attention, to give general satisfaction. Ladies, by sending their messages, shall be personally attended to at their respective places of abode, and their orders thankfully received and executed with the strictest attention, being determined to spare no pains or exertions to merit the favours of a generous public.

September 23

1875—tf

BILIOUS CORDIAL.

A FRESH SUPPLY, JUST RECEIVED,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

In Bottles at Four or Six Shillings each.

An immediate, safe and effectual remedy in the most inveterate cases of **BILIOUS CHOLIC**, and is peculiarly proper in all complaints proceeding from a redundancy of Bile. It may be used to great advantage in Complaints of the Bowels generally, and is as agreeable as efficacious.

A supply of the above cordial is just received from the proprietor (a resident of New Jersey, who having witnessed the happy effects resulting from its use for several years past, considers it a duty highly incumbent to place it more in the way of his fellow-creatures.

Numerous affidavits (and those the most respectable) might be produced of its utility and effects, but these auxiliaries are too often abused in recommending trash as specifics in every complaint.

A trial of the Bilious cordial will in itself be its best recommendation.

August 19.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business. A Boy of 15 or 16 years of age will meet with good encouragement by applying at this office
November 4

S. BAWSON'S.

WARRANTED DURABLE INK,
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE,

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3 Peck-Slip and at the Proprietors 48 Frankfurt-street.
Oct 21

JUST RECEIVED.

THE EXILE OF EMIN,

A NEW NOVEL

BY MISS GUNNING.

ALSO

THE COMMUNICANT'S COMPANION;

OR,

INSTRUCTIONS AND HELP

FOR

THE RIGHT RECEIVING OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

MRS. HADLEY

Is removed from No 140 Broad-way, to No 12 Court-and-street, where she carries on the Millinery Business in all its Branches. She has for sale a variety of Fancy Millinery, of the Newest Fashions, which she will sell on very reasonable terms.

Makes up Ladies' own materials
October 14—

1876—tf

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE, BY

N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

At the sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY.

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies or named Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball far superior to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d.

Smith's Savoyonette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot do paste.

Smith's Cymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin. Smith's superfine Hair-Powder. Almond powder for the skin, 8s per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box.

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 3s and 1s 6d.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton

Garters, and Eau de Cologne.

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold.

* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery. 8 Franks Marcellies Pomatum.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

ECONOMICAL AND CONVENIENT CHAMBER-LIGHT,

By means of a Floating Wax Taper which will burn Ten Hours,

and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, and give a good and sufficient light. They require no particular lamp, but may be burnt in a wine glass, tumbler, or any similar vessel.—Persons who are in the habit of being called up at night, and others requiring or wishing a light during the night (particularly the sick), will find those Tapers exceedingly cheap and convenient.—They are recommended to Publicans to light Segars with during the day.

They are sold at C. Harrison's Book-Store, in boxes containing 50 tapers, at 50 cents per box.

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE
ON MODERATE TERMS.

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISSON

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE